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THE IMMORTALS

BY

MARTHA PERRY LOWE



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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE IMMORTALS

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BY

MARTHA PERRY LOWE

Author of *The Olive and the Pine*, *Love in Spain*, *Chief Joseph*, *Bessie Gray*, etc.

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THE WALK TOWARD EMMAUS.

WALK with us, Jesus, when the day is spent.
The robin's voice is full of tenderness,
And all the air is silent with excess
Of sweet devotion, peace, and calm content.
Open our eyes, that we may see aright
The scripture of the world, the burning page
That shines upon our path from every age,—
A warning fire, and now a tender light,
Revealing glimpses of the immortal throng.
Ask us, O Jesus, if we understand
The wondrous voices of the sea and land,
As thou didst them who read the prophet's song,
And knew not him, their blessed risen Lord !
Read thou with us thy Father's hidden word !

SCHEFFER'S DANTE AND BEATRICE.

UPON the summit of celestial joy,
Which doth begin and end in peace, she
stands,
And reaches out to him her blessed hands.

The peace that groweth with the pains of earth
Was hers, and now the joy of purer rest,
The peace that sinketh deeper in the breast.

She whelmeth all his soul in tenderest awe
And most unutterable reverence :
He gazeth breathless, lest she float from thence.

SCHEFFER'S DANTE AND BEATRICE

"O woman! freshening presence! far more sweet

Than the celestial gales to pilgrim given
The flutter of thy garments throughout heaven!"

She raiseth up her finger in rebuke :

"Thou must not look for me, but higher light,
Else will the Father veil me from thy sight."

And, oh ! she looks so far, so far beyond,—
An everlasting vision floating lies,
Mirrored within the azure of her eyes.

He bows his head upon his ardent heart ;
He calms it with a spirit struggling yet,
And stands subdued before the Infinite.

She watches him with parted lips, and smiles :
He looks ; he catches quick the gleams that play

Around her mouth ; and, lo ! she soars away.

"O Love supreme," he cries, "thou'rt all in all !

Yet thou hast deigned to robe thyself for me
Within her angel-like humanity.

"Then bid this most tumultuous spirit lean
Upon her calmness : so together we
May go up to the heavenly mount and thee."

CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ.

I seem to stand upon Life's very verge ;
I've traversed all the experience which it
brings :
I am not old ; but I have seen all things.
Strange waves have swept my youth with
whelming surge,
And washed it bare of all illusions sweet,—
Even as the ocean-rock stands bleak and cold,
Her young green moss, and pebbles all of gold,
And rainbow shells, swept off by tides that
beat.

I will not be like that gray rock at sea !
My rainbow-hopes I'll bring from out the deep,
And lay them where Life's floods can never
sweep :
Though now my soul is sad, my hair is gray,
New life shall dawn again, my soul shall be
All young and blooming for Eternal Day !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

GENTLE woman, softly as the spheres
Move along the solemn, mystic years,
Thou didst tread thy early path of tears.

Whispering yearnings from thy spirit deeps,
Like a hidden mountain stream, that creeps
Darkly, secretly, before it leaps ;

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Sobbing lightly with its own unrest,
Groping blindly on the cold earth's breast,
Sinking downward, weary and opprest.

Lowly bent the world its waiting ear,
For that undertone it loved to hear,
Listening with a strange and charmèd fear.

How at last the fountain leaped in light,—
Leaped with sudden joy, impassioned, bright,
When its son of love arose in sight!

Fondly did the souls of men outreach,
Drinking in that lyric burning speech
When two poets melted, each in each.

Then in wider music they did break,—
Music strong and grand enough to make
All the powers of wrong and evil shake.

Sing, immortal woman-poet, sing,
Where, with Dante, thou thy harp shalt bring,
On the sacred mountains of thy King!

Love, undying heart! Thou hadst not beat,
If thy fragile pulses were not sweet
With a love thou couldst not all repeat.

Rest, elect and Christian lady, rest!
Where the saints and martyrs stand confest,
Thou shalt be forevermore a guest.

Peace a halo on thy brow shall drop,—
Peace, the perfect fulness of thy cup ;
Peace that ever bears thee higher up.

CHATTERTON.

POOR, wild, and wayward boy!

The cold world praised :

His heart it raised,

And yet it could not give him bread.

His soul drank deep of joy,

But his frail body must be fed.

All day he laughed and cried,

While visions fair

And fancies rare

He wakened from the ancient scroll,

Till with fond, secret pride

He saw his counterfeit outroll.

What marvellous work was this ?

The scholars read,

And then they said,

“ Who brought these things to light of day ? ”

Oh, what a bliss, what bliss,

To cheat such learned men as they !

Then fairest Love came next,

To fill his breast

With sweet unrest

And longing for divine repose ;

But pinching hunger vext,

And on the full world careless goes.

Now his short tale is told,

His wondrous skill

All ears doth fill.

CHATTERTON

But does it bring to him a name
Or even paltry gold ?
Only the critics' taunt and shame.

Come, sovereign healer, Death,
And ease his pains,
And bring thy gains ;
For now the gentle player's art
Revives his fading breath,
And lays him on the nation's heart.

SHELLEY.

O RARE and evanescent spirit bright,
Ev'n as the firefly skims along the night,
Men saw thee floating as a silver spark,
Then thou didst vanish sudden in the dark!

Could not thy gods, who ever on thee smiled,
Have shielded thee, their strange and wayward
child,—

Thee with the dew of morning in thy hair,
The future mirrored in thy forehead fair ?

Yea, verily there is a God in heaven :
To know him, unto thee it was not given.
He yearned to draw thee to his mighty breast,
And soothe thy weary, fluttering heart to rest.

Could he forget the soul which he had made ?
 So fair a soul could he have e'er betrayed ?
 Ah ! he was kind. He stretched his arm to
 save,

When men were cold and cruel as the grave.

He laid thee in thy loving ocean's arms,
 Wrapt thee in joy, amid the wild alarms,
 Rocked thee to sleep, then gently bade thee
 wake,

And of another, higher life partake !

How softly drooped thy starry eyes away,
 And closed forever on the southern day !
 How swift thy subtle spirit darted free,
 And drank immortal love and liberty !

SCHUBERT.

BEAUTIFUL spirit, immortal in birth,
 Where dost thou dwell in the realms of
 the air ?

Art thou not free from the burden of earth,
 Soaring in visions of harmony there ?

Spirits of light and aerial grace,
 That float on the wavelets of odor and
 sound :
 They, too, could look not the world in the
 face,
 When by the laws of mortality bound.

SCHUBERT

Now they are growing, and bask in the sun,
Breathing their songs with the odors that
rise.

Perfume and music are blended in one :
Is it the flower or the music that sighs ?

How they came forward to meet him above,—
Schubert, the lonely, the shy, the untamed!
Pressing upon him, melodious with love ;
He overwhelmed with delight, and ashamed.

“ Beautiful angels, I enter your rest ;
Suffer me, spirits, to listen awhile,—
Me, so unworthy and weary a guest ;
Let me repose in the warmth of your smile,

“ Till I shall melt into teardrops of song,
Dropping contrite on the ear of my King ;
Till I shall rise up, immortal and strong,
And bring something meet for the blessed to
sing.”

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TOll! toll! toll!
How it strikes on the nation’s soul!
Farewell! farewell! farewell!
Says the solemn chapel-bell,
In the olden town,
To the poet of happy renown.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Farewell! farewell! farewell!
The people re-echo the knell.
All eyes do fill,
And the quickening pulses thrill,
Each gentle heart
So cherished his master-art.

His honest speech
Could the plainest countryman reach ;
And, when he sung
In the downright Yankee tongue,
They listened, to hear
The things that were good for their ear.

The nations afar
Beheld him a shining star
Of a steadfast light,
Through all of our darkest night ;
And they heard him say,
“ Fear not for the coming day ! ”

Faithful and true
To the Old World and the New,
He finished his days,
With the noble patriot ways,
In the home of his sires,
Till they flickered,— his ancient fires.

Then he gave up his breath
To the gentle conqueror, Death.

We see through our tears
His immortal, his radiant years,
His blessed release ;
And the voice of the land says : “ Peace !
Cease, bells, to toll,
And chime for a risen soul,—
A risen soul ! ”

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

THEY bore him up the aisle,
His white hands folded meekly on his
breast :
He had the very smile
He wore the night he gently sank to rest.

The words of love were said,
We prayed and sang together : all was done ;
And then the way they led
Along the street, the people following on.

They reached the place of sleep
Just as the holy day of spring was closing :
His form it now must keep,
Beside his kindred and his friends reposing.

The watching hills looked kind
Upon our father in his lowly bed :
The sun went down behind,
And pensive evening glory on him shed.

SLEEPY HOLLOW

We covered him with green,—
He loved the hemlock branches and the pine.
And there he lay, serene,
And yet not he, not there the spark divine.

His spirit was afar,
Shining benignant in resplendent light,
Like some new awakened star
Ascending sweetly to its native height.

But will he go away,
To leave us in our earthly doubt and pain?
Has he not found the day,
To bring its secrets to the world again?

Be thou not over-sad,
Dear, ancient town, in thy affliction sore;
Think that what thou hast had
Is thine to keep and give for evermore.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

FLUTTERING soul,
So near the heart of God,
And yet so faint and chill,
Upon this cold earth's sod.

Lying with broken wing,
Dragging thyself along,
To reach the immortal spring,
And break forth into song.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

Poet, thou hast arisen ;
Spirit, thou now art free ;
Loosed from thine earthly prison,
To find Eternity.

ANNA CABOT LOWELL.

BELoved lady of the olden days,
Yet dwelling young and happy in the new,
Serene and gracious in her looks and ways,
So gentle in her judgments, and so true.

Who ever loved her friends so long and well,
And cherished them so deeply in her heart ?
While each new generation rose to tell
How they became of her dear life a part.

She scattered blessings wheresoe'er she went.
The lonely suppliant found her willing ear.
Her generous nature had supreme content
To share with others her possessions here.

She knew the world of pleasure from her youth,
And yet she kept her spirit undefiled.
Enriched with love of poetry and truth,
She was as modest as a little child.

But, most of all, her pure and reverent soul
In paths of prayer and consecration trod.
So, when the pains of age upon her stole,
She rested in the perfect peace of God.

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

THE master lay among his friends ;
And words of hope and solemn cheer,
Leading the thought to life's great ends,
Were uttered there above his bier.

Music, divinest comforter,
Failed not to bring her answering chord ;
While Luther's courage spoke in her,
And Mendelssohn's " Rest in the Lord."

And Poesy, on happy wing,
Soared to the gates of Paradise,
To hear his ransomed spirit sing,
Bathed in the ether of the skies.

All round were books of mellow chime,
The symbols of sublimest art
Caught on their pages for all time,
Of which his being was a part.

The records of the ancient fire
That burned in the composer's soul,
And rose to flames of high desire,
To melt in one harmonious whole.

And so he spent his tranquil days
In beauty's presence, and with truth,
Unmindful of our newer ways,
And dwelling in immortal youth.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

HE looked with awe on his Creator's face,
Upon the smiling plain and field and
wood ;
He looked upon this earthly dwelling-place
With solemn joy, and saw that it was good.

And first he followed, reverent, in the light
Of the divinest Son of Man we know,
Who ever loved to say and do the right,
And pleased his Father while he lived below.

And then he went forth mightily to grasp
The 'wilderer traveller, lost to faith and
trust,
To free him from the iron creeds that clasp
And bind the spirit to the things of dust.

His brother rose up trembling from the ground,
And truth came on him like a flood of day.
He heard that thrilling voice of music sound,
And, leaping joyful, went upon his way.

The flush of pain was deepening on his cheek,
And yet he tarried in the harvest field ;
And, with a sovereign will divinely meek,
He made the body to the spirit yield.

But, as he stepped upon the opening path
Of beckoning age, the ills of flesh and time
Began to vanish from his aftermath,
And left him calm and happy and sublime.

And when at last his Maker said, "Forbear!"
His toil and rest had so serenely blent
He cared not if his work were here or there,
And so he took his Master's hand, and went.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

He is gone! They have laid him away!
Laid him away? Tis not he!
Who could imprison a ray
Of light and of love so free?

Like an eagle that mounts to the sky,
With his gaze on the radiant sun,
He soared to the kingdom on high
At the word of the Infinite One.

Swift was the summons, and short,—
His work was still in his hand;
His time and his strength and his thought
Were lavished at duty's command.

How he loved, how he loved us all!
The rich and the poor were the same:
He joyfully rose at their call,
And went in his Master's name.

Now he hears a new message divine,—
New ever to men, and yet old:
"Come up to these mansions of mine,
And feed the lambs of this fold."

Happy, most happy and blest,
 The Church to whom it was given
 To entertain such a guest,
 And offer him, spotless, to Heaven!

JULIA ROMANA ANAGNOS.

A BEAUTIFUL, effulgent star of love
 Has faded quickly from our earthly sight :
 'Tis only lost within the blue above,
 Where it is mingling with celestial light.

How roseate was the bloom upon her cheek!
 She had a look of innocent surprise,
 The happy freedom of the ancient Greek,
 The dewy morn of childhood in her eyes.

And yet the Teuton blended in her make :
 Her nature yearned to sound the depths of
 thought ;
 Her eager, searching spirit, all awake,
 The tender mystery of being sought.

And so she sat down with a loyal heart,
 A modest learner ever at the feet
 Of Science and Philosophy and Art,
 Yet probing ever with her questions meet.

Till she forgot that there was time or space,
 Lost in her vision of immortal youth,
 And all the world she held in her embrace,
 And all the universe to her was truth.

And now she dwells among the glorified ;
But we, in tears, will fondly her beseech
To come, as once of old, and here preside,
And lessons from the higher kingdom teach.

So shall we rise above the jar of creeds,
And walk with her in regions calm and still ;
So may she stir our lives to nobler deeds,
And lead us upward to the higher Will.

LUCY STONE.

BEAUTIFUL being, with heart like the rose,
Shedding its sweets on the bright summer
air!
Too soon her belovèd her tender eyes close,
That wore so much peace in this poor world
of care.

Her voice was as soft as the breath of a lyre,
Pleading her cause with such wisdom and
grace ;
And, oh! there were moments it leaped into
fire,
As she thought of the wrongs of her sex and
her race!

Never discouraged and never afraid,
She faced all the powers unrighteous and
mean ;
Never an ungentle word she said,
But held herself ever composed and serene.

The Land of the Promise was all in her sight :
She asked not to step on the plains of the
free,
Stretching away in the new-dawning light,
Happy to dream of the joy that's to be.

THE PORTRAIT OF COLONEL SHAW.

"BURIED with his negroes, in the trench !"
There he lies, a score of them around
him :

Nothing could his deathless ardor quench.
What a monument at last has crowned him !

There he fell, that youth so fair and bold :
Not a whit ashamed to die with him,—
Him, the man of color, bought and sold ;
Not a bit ashamed to lie with him !

Sight to make a father's bosom throb,
Now he stands upon the canvas glowing ;
Sight to make a noble mother sob,
Tender eyes their glances on her throwing.

There he stands, so soldier-like and mute,
Modest, and yet looking in our faces
Undisturbed and calmly, as doth suit
One who never sought the world's high
places.

THE PORTRAIT OF COLONEL SHAW

Look upon him, nation of the free!
Surely, this shall cure thee of thy meanness.
Look upon him, nation that's to be,
Rising purified from thy uncleanness!

Thou shalt brighten as the years go by,
Brave young hero to thy country given :
With thy little company on high
Thou shalt traverse all the plains of heaven.

LUCY LARCOM.

FAREWELL, benignant spirit, wise and good,
Beloved singer for all womanhood!
A softened brightness from the day
With thee has passed away.

Many have loved thee, since thy earnest eye
At early morn of girlhood looked on high,
Seeking to consecrate thy youth
To beauty and to truth.

The cold, dull actual beset thee round :
Oft-times thou couldst not hear a voice nor
sound,
To break the clouds of earthiness
And heal the world's distress.

Yet thou didst cling to thine ideal sweet,
And soon it opened on thy gaze complete,
Until thou saw'st thy true career,
Thy happy poet-sphere,—

To raise thy toiling sisters on the earth
To heavenly places, fitting their high birth,
And bring each young and throbbing soul,
To wisdom's mild control.

And most of all we love thee for the heart
That dwelt with God and his dear Son apart,
And toned thy verse with sacred awe,
Before the Sovereign Law,

And sweetened it with an undying trust,
Consoling us, poor children of the dust,
And gently showing tear-dimmed eyes
Visions beyond the skies.

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

How soft and fair
The light fell on his silver hair!
Meekly he bent him to the blast ;
And, when the storms of life were past
And the sweet sun came forth to view,
He raised his tear-dimmed eye anew,
And saw the glory of the sky :
He heard the voice of poesy,
And all his pains were soothed to rest
On Nature's breast.

In joyous love,
He communed with his God above.

He waited not the critics' leave,
Whene'er he read the ancient Word,
Nor asked them what he should receive :
His swift-discerning soul was stirred
With gales that swept the chaff in heat,
And filled his garner with the wheat.
And yet he was a scholar there
And everywhere.

His curious thought
The poet's subtle measures caught.
He loved to take the veil away
That shrouded many a mystic lay,
And show the charms of other speech,
Its tender cadences to reach,
And mould them with his gentle art,
To waken echoes in the heart
Of other scenes and days and climes
In far-off rhymes.

Lightsome and free,
He roamed that city of the sea,
The places where our Channing grew,
The pulsing of whose heart he knew,
Blending the simple, olden ways
With all the wealth of growing days.
What memories in his bosom dwelt,
Of all he saw and all he felt,—
Treasures he now forever keeps,
In heaven's own deeps!

Church of our sires,
Church of our hope and strong desires,
What power shall we yet attain
To match these souls across the main,
Who carry with them all the grace
And charm from this poor dwelling-place ?
In our high temples, how they fall!
Can we restore our Zion's wall,
Whose corner-stones were rich and fair
 Beyond compare ?

LUCRETIA CROCKER.

O BEAUTIFUL and noble womanhood,
Moving serenely in this world of wrong!
Her saintly presence drew us to the good,
Her utterance ever made the right so strong.

Like the Madonna of the ancient days,
Angelic meekness dwelt upon her face,
Blent with a dignity in all her ways,
Commanding gently, with a high-born grace.

She met with women oft in calm debate
How best to train the dawning soul of youth ;
She sat with men in councils of the State,
And awed the wrangler with her voice of truth.

There was a music in her very tone,
A kindly graciousness in all she said ;

LUCRETIA CROCKER

A mellow light upon her pathway shone ;
There was an aureole around her head.

Farewell! farewell! God has promoted thee,
Immortal teacher, to his schools above ;
And there a leading spirit thou shalt be,
Proving thy teachings of eternal love.

JAMES WALKER.

SERENE old man, God called him unto heaven.
His life of noble work and thought is
done.

To him the joy of that new clime is given
Where rest and labor gently blend in one.

The two so sweetly are united there
That, when he works, he'll think that it is
rest ;

And, when he rests in that exultant air,
He'll find repose is highest action blest.

How good for him that he has slipped away
From that tired body, weary of its pain,
To hold a sovereign spirit in the clay
Waxing in brightness, as the senses wane!

And yet he loved the earth ; for long and well
It held him in a genial, kind embrace.
And friends were grouped around, who oft will
tell
How reverently they gazed up in his face,

Even as the pupils of the Grecian Seer,
 Who drank the wisdom of his daily speech :
 Only this master was to us more dear ;
 A fairer mark he gave for us to reach,

 Because he drew his wisdom from the fount
 That welled up in the Man of Galilee.
 And now his risen soul shall ever mount,
 To find with him the truth that makes us
 free.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

A SPIRIT shining in the light of God,
 With all the glow of heaven upon its
 wings,
 Has left the earthly dwelling where it trod,
 And in the higher kingdom soars and sings.

Men say that saints are God-intoxicate :
 So we might say of him, who ever sought
 To tell it early and to tell it late,
 How God is fairer than the fairest thought.

 But most of all, when he was worn and faint
 Or weary with the discord of the age,
 The bigot's clamor and the weak man's plaint,
 The chilly doubting of the sceptic's page,

 He loved to speak of the beloved Son,
 Even like the mild apostle John of old,
 And pray that his disciples might be one,
 Like little children gathered to his fold.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING

Farewell, thou sharer of a noble name,
Which thou didst humbly take from nature's
hand,
And bear it onward to a gentler fame,
Born to inspire the world, if not command!

MARY FOOTE.

THEY bore her up the ancient aisle ;
She lay within a flowery bed ;
It seemed as if we saw her smile,
And lift again her fair young head,

And say in pleasant words, “ How sweet
The roses and the lilies are !
But, oh, my rest is so complete,
I see the flowers of heaven afar ;

“ I see the children gather them,
And lay them in the Master's hand ;
The weary touch his garment's hem,
And join the strong immortal band.”

The minister with solemn tone
Repeats the service of the place,
And tells us how the maid had grown
In daily wisdom and in grace.

The gold and crimson light of day
Mellows the tablets all around ;
Softly the organ notes they play,
And prayer and chanting voices sound.

MARY FOOTE

The apostles at the chancel side
Reflect the Saviour's glory bright ;
And we remember how he died,
Only to rise again in light.

So shall this beauteous flower of love,
This dear young girl, in joy arise
To bloom in radiance above,
Among the fields of paradise.

IN MEMORIAM.

M. B. C.

BEAUTIFUL young mother, with her hands upon
her breast,
How peaceful is her rest!
For all the costly sacrifice, the sorrow, and the
pain,
Diviner is her gain.

And yet we cannot see it, cannot see it
through our tears,
As we look adown the years,
And think of this bright being, with the laugh-
ter on her face,
And see her vacant place.

For life had grown more fair and precious to
our gentle friend ;
And wherefore should it end ?

IN MEMORIAM

The Father gave the richest of his blessings
from above,—
The husband of her love.

And then he sent another gift, of her own life
a part,—
The child upon her heart.
And so her cup of earthly joy was very full and
sweet,
Her happiness complete.

Yet she must leave it all at this exultant hour,
and go ;
For God will have it so.
But who can tell the secrets of his tender love
and care
For our dear sleeper there ?

He'll waken her to fresher life, with radiant
surprise,
His light upon her eyes ;
And Christ will show her, in the mansions
beautiful and new,
Some happy work to do.

And they will let her often be a smiling angel
near
To watch her loved ones here,
And lead them softly onward with a gentle,
guiding hand,
To find the morning land.

ABBY W. MAY.

SOFT were the tones of her voice, and earnest
and strong was her plea,
As she stood in her place, to awaken the bond
and the free.
She labored from morning till night, she lav-
ished her strength,
And her heart is at rest: it has stopped its beat-
ing at length.

How oft when the war was scorching the land
with its fire,
She summoned the high and the low, with ve-
hement desire
To bury forever the lines that divided the past,
And assuage the wounds of the men who were
bleeding and dying so fast!

When beautiful Peace came anear, and beck-
oned with radiant smile
To charm the heart of the North and sweetly
beguile,
She asked not for joy nor for rest; and her
money she gave,
And her ease, for the man who was homeless
and once was a slave.

At last she arose, and she reached out a sisterly
hand
To raise up the down-trodden women who
dwelt in the land.

ABBY W. MAY

She asked for the right that belongs to the home
of the free,—

To be free in the Church and the State, as our
Master would have us to be.

And many they were, the defeats and the crosses
she patiently bore;

But her spirit rebounded exultant, again and
again, as before.

And now she is sleeping with God, for she
needed her rest.

We bow to his fatherly will ; and we say, It is
best!

CHARLES LOWE DAMRELL.

A FAIR white soul has passed away from sight,
Sweet as the gentle breath of coming
June ;

A smiling presence ever warm and bright,
That put our spirits into happy tune.

Heaven lay about him from his early youth,
When first he took on him a weight of care,
And gave himself to duty and to truth,
Accepting then the burden he must bear :

To lift a mother from the ills of life
And place her haply in serener air,
Above the troubles of the world and strife,
And cherish her with fond endearments there.

He minds me of another one who came
And dwelt on earth and sweetened all our
days,—

A royal soul who bore his very name,
And wore his beauty in his looks and ways.

Dwelling within the kingdom of his books,
He served the young and old with genial
mood,
And in the sanctum of his quiet nooks
He made acquaintance with the great and
good.

He loved his church, where friends and neigh-
bors meet,
And laid his generous offerings freely there ;
And every Sunday saw him in his seat,
Bowing his head in happy, grateful prayer.

WHITTIER.

POET of youth and hope and larger life,
Not once when men were fainting by the
way,
Or cowards trembling for the dawn of day,
Didst thou go backward in the hour of strife.
Thy warning voice cut deeply, like a knife,
Through all the nation's wrong, to make it
clean ;

WHITTIER

Then wept thy lyre to see a land so base,
Bartering the child, the husband, and the wife.
When thou hadst done thy painful work so
well,
Then thou didst turn aside in gentler mood,
And tales of thy sweet hills and valleys tell,
Until the people's laurels on thee fell.
Prophet and Poet, thou art understood!

CHARLES LOWE.

BELoved one, thou hast been long away,
And yet thy face is just as clear to me
As once upon that gentle summer day,
When thou didst say farewell, and cross the
sea.
The tender green was deepening on the tree,
The rose was blushing on the cheek of June,
The world of light and beauty was in tune ;
But thou no more a part of it couldst be.
Yet I had messages from thee, and sweet
Assurance that thy heart was full of love
For me and mine, and all whom thou didst
greet
On earth below and in thy home above.
So I am satisfied to wait for thee
Until the will of God shall let us meet.

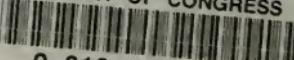
MARY WHITE FOOTE.

O FRIEND, I feel thy watch of love unsleeping.
Sweet soul, too sacred in thy blessedness,
To tarry midst our sins and our distress,
Sing on in glory, and forget our weeping!
The world is dull and low, it moved along
And touched thy garment's hem, but never
knew,
How virtue went from out thee, save a few,
Who marvelled at thy spirit sweet and strong.
Walk on in light, and raptured bliss and prayer,
Think not of us, for we are poor and mean,
We will not break upon thy peace serene,
Nor touch the heavenly robe which thou dost
wear.
Turn thou thy gaze away, it is not meet
To keep thee from thy cherished Master's feet!



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